New Dialogues OF THE DEAD.

Written in FRENCH very lately.

And now made ENGLISH.

By J. D.

Printed for *D. Y.* at the Foot of *Parnassus* Hill. 1684.

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DIA-

NEW DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

The First Dialogue.

Alexander. Phrinea.

Phrinea.

YOU may know it of all the *Thebanes* that lived in in my time. They will ell you that I offered them to ebuild at my own charges the

Walls of *Thebes*; which you had beaten down, upon condition they would put this Inſcription upon them. *Alexander the Great did beat down theſe Walls, but Phrinea the Courtiſan has raiſed them up again.*

Alex. You were afraid then that future Ages ſhould not know what Trade you had driven?

Phrin. I tell you I had been excellent at it; and all perſons that are extraordinary in any Profeſſion whatever, are poſſeſſed with this folly of Monuments and Inſcriptions.

Alex. 'Tis true that *Rhodopea* had this humour before you. Her Beauty gained her ſo much money, that with it ſhe built one of thoſe famous Pyramids in *Egypt* which are ſtanding to this day; and I remember that as ſhe was ſpeaking of it the other day to

ſome

ſome dead French Ladies, who pretended to have been very lovely, theſe Shadows began to weep, ſaying, that in the Age and Country where they had lately lived, Beauties did not now make advantages whereby to raiſe Pyramids.

Phrin. But for my part, I had that advantage above *Rhodopea*, that in raiſing up again the Walls of *Thebes*, I made my ſelf equal to you, who had been the greateſt Conquerour in the World, and made it appear that my Beauty was able to repair what your Valour had deſtroyed.

Alex. Theſe are two things which certainly did never enter into compariſon with one another. You are pleaſed with your ſelf then, that you have been ſo Gallanted.

Phrin. And you, you are very

well ſatisfied that you have made deſolate the better part of the World? Why was there not a *Phrinea* in each Town which you deſtroyed! There ſhould have remained no ſigns of your furies.

Alex. Were I to live again, I would again be a famous Conquerour.

Phrin. And I would be a lovely Conquerour. Beauty has a natural right to command Men, and Valour has but a right gained by force. Beauties have a right in all Countries, ſo have not Kings nor Conquerours. But yet the better to convince you, *Philip* your Father was a very valiant man, ſo were you too, however you would neither of you work any fear into *Demoſthenes* the Oratour, who, whilſt he lived, did nothing but inveigh againſt you both; and another *Phrinea*, far be-

beyond me (for the name is lucky) being likely to loſe a Suit in Law of conſequence, her Lawyer, who in vain had ſpoken his beſt for her, bethought himſelf of putting by a great Veil, which partly covered her, and preſently upon the ſight of her beauty, the Judges who were juſt going to caſt her, chang'd their minds. So the noiſe of your Arms could not in a long run of years ſilence an Oratour, and the attractives of a fair Creature did, in a moment, corrupt all *Areopagus* with its ſeverity.

Alex. Though you have called another *Phrinea* to your aſſiſtanc, I do not believe that *Alexanders* Party is at all the weaker. It would be very ſad if.....

Phrin. I know what you are going to ſay to me. *Græcia*, *Aſia*, *Perſia*, the *Indies*, all theſe make a fine ſhew: Yet, if I ſhould with-

draw from your glory, what does not belong to you upon that ſcore; if I did give to your Souldiers, to your Captains, to Chance it ſelf, the ſhare belonging to them, don't you think you would be a loſer by it? But a Fair Lady never ſhares with any one the honour of her Conqueſts, all is her own. Believe me, the condition of a pretty Woman is a pretty condition.

Alex. It has appeared that you have been ſo perſwaded. But do you think this part reaches ſo far as you have puſhed it?

Phrin. No, no, for I am eaſy of belief. I confeſs I have, in an high degree, injured the Character of a pretty Woman, but you hove done as much by that of a Great Man. You and I have conquered too much. If I had been contented with two or three Gallan-

lantries at the moſt, I had not been irregular, and no exceptions could have been taken; but to have been galanted to that degree as to have had wherewithall to rebuild the Walls of *Thebes*, that was indeed too too much. On the other ſide, if you had conquered *Greece* only, the neighbouring Iſlands, and ſome little part too perhaps of the Leſſer *Aſia*, and made up a State of them for your ſelf, nothing had been more reaſonable; but to run on ſtill without knowing whither, and be always taking of Towns, and know not why, and always upon execution, without deſign, 'tis that that was not approved of by many judicious perſons.

Alex. Let thoſe judicious perſons ſay what they will. If I had made uſe of my valour and good fortune with ſo much diſcretion,

there would ſcarce have been any talk of me.

Phrin. Nor of me neither, if I had been too diſcreet in the management of my Beauty. When one will make a noiſe only, thoſe qualities which ſeem moſt reaſonable are not the fitteſt for that purpoſe.

The

The Second Dialogue.

Milo. *Smindirides.*

Smindirides.

THou art very proud then, *Milo*, of having carried an *Ox* on thy ſhoulders, at the Olimpick Games.

Milo. For certain it was a very brave action. All *Greece* did applaud it, and the honour of it reached as far as the City of *Grotona* my native Country, which has afforded an infinite number of ſtout luſty men. On the contrary, thy City of *Sibaris* will be cried down to eternity becauſe of the effeminacy of her Inhabitants, who baniſhed all Cocks from their Town, leſt they ſhould

be wakened by them; and when they made any invitation to persons, they invited them a year before-hand, that they might have the more leasure to make their Treat with as much daintiness as they would themselves.

Smin. Thou jeerest the *Sibarists*; but thou gross *Crotonian*, dost not thou think that in boasting to have carried an Ox is not to be very like them?

Milo. And thou, dost thou believe to have behaved thy self Man-like, when thou madest thy complaint that thou hadst passed a night without sleeping, because one of the Roses wherewith thy Bed was strewed, lay folded in two under thee?

Smin. 'Tis true, I was so nice as that comes to; but why dost thou think it so strange?

Milo. And how can it be but I must think it so? *Smin-*

Smin. What didſt thou never ſee a Lover, who being loaded with the favours of a Miſtreſs, to whom he had rendred ſome remarkable ſervices, was troubled in the poſſeſſion of his happineſs, for fear that grateful acknowledgment ſhould work more in the heart of the Beauty, than her inclination?

Milo. No, I never ſaw any ſuch. But what if ſuch a thing ſhould be?

Smin. And didſt thou never hear talk of ſome Conqueror, who, at his return from a glorious Expedition, ſhould not be altogether ſatisfied with his Triumphs, becauſe Fortune might have had a greater ſhare than either his Valour or his Conduct, and that his deſigns might have taken upon falſe and ill grounded Meaſures?

Milo.

Milo. No, I never heard ſpeak of any ſuch. But once again, what doſt thou infer hereupon?

Smin. That this ſame Lover, and this Conqueror, and generally all men, although they ſhould lie upon Flowers, could not ſleep if one ſingle Leaf only were foulded in two. A little thing ſpoils a pleaſure. Pleaſures are Beds of Roſes, where 'tis very hard to have every Leaf remain ſpread out, and not one to lie double; yet the foulding of one alone is enough to cauſe a great uneaſineſs.

Milo. I am not very much verſed in theſe affairs; but methinks, that thou, and the Lover, and thy ſuppoſed Conqueror, and all of you together, are extreamly too blame. Why do you make your ſelves ſo nice?

Smin. Ah *Milo!* your Wits are not *Crotonians*, as thou art; but they

they are *Sibariſts*, more refined yet than I was.

Milo. I ſee well enough what the matter is. Your Wits, aſſuredly, enjoy more pleaſures than they need, and they let their niceneſs retrench what they have too much. They are willing to have ſome feeling of the leaſt diſlikes, becauſe there are other ways delights enough for them; and upon that account I find they are in the right.

Smin. There's nothing at all of that. Your Wits enjoy no more pleaſures than they need.

Milo. They are fools then to make themſelves ſo nice.

Smin. There is the miſchief of it. Niceneſs does become men very well: it ariſes from the good qualities, both of the mind, and heart: Man takes a delight to have them, and he that wants them endeavours

deavours for them; in the mean time, niceneſs does leſſen the number of pleaſures, and one is not overloaded with them. It makes them leſs ſenſible; and pleaſures of themſelves, are not over lively. How men are to be pitied! Their natural condition ſupplies them with few pleaſing things, and their reaſon teaches them to delight yet leſs in them.

The

The Third Dialogue.

Dido. *Stratonice.*

Dido.

ALas! how wretched am I, my poor *Stratonice!* you know how I have lived. I was ſo exact in my fidelity to my firſt Husband, that I burnt my ſelf alive rather than I would take a ſecond. However, I could not preſerve my ſelf from being ill ſpoken of. A Poet, *Virgil* by name, has been pleaſed to change a wiſe Woman, ſo ſtrict as my ſelf, into a young Goſſip, that lets her ſelf be taken with the handſomeneſs of a Stranger the very firſt day ſhe ſees him. My whole ſtory is quite contrary. To tell the truth, as to the pile of Wood wherein

wherein I was consumed, I had right done me. But guess why I cast my self into it? It is not out of any farther fear of being obliged to marry a second time, but because I am grown desperate upon this stranger's leaving of me.

Stratonice. Indeed, the consequences of this may be very dangerous. There will hardly be any more Women that will burn themselves out of a conjugal fidelity, if, after their death, a Poet may have the liberty to say what he will of them. May be too, your *Virgil* was not so much in the wrong. Has he not cleared some intrigues in your life, which you hoped would not have been known? Who knows? I would not answer for you, upon the faith of your Pile.

Dido. If the Gallantry which *Virgil* does lay to me had any truth in it, I would be content to be suspected;

pected; but he allots me to be a Lover of *Æneas*, a man that was in his Grave three hundred years before I came into the world.

Strat. You say something now. Nevertheless, *Æneas* and you, you seemed much to be a fit match for one another: You both of you had been forced to leave your Country; you both of you seeked a fortune in stranger Countries; he was a Widower, you a Widow: these points agree well together. It is true, you were born three hundred years after him; but *Virgil* saw so many reasons to match you together, that he thought three hundred years difference betwixt you were of no consequence.

Dido. What an Argument there is? How three hundred years are not three hundred years, and in spight of that obstacle, two persons

sons may meet together, and love one another?

Strat. Oh! 'Tis in that point *Virgil* did mean some Cunning: Sure he was a man of the times: He would make it appear, that in matter of Love Concerns, we must not judge upon Appearances; and that those that have the least, are many times the truest.

Dido. What had he to do to call my Reputation in question, by inserting this fine Mystery in his Works?

Strat. But what? has he turn'd you into ridicule? has he made you speak impertinencies?

Dido. No, not at all. Here he has recited his Poem to me; and the whole piece where he makes me appear, is indeed divine, Cousin Germain to detraction. In it I am all Beauty, there I speak rare things upon my pretended Passion; and

and if *Virgil* were obliged to own me for an honeſt Woman in his *Æneid*, the *Æneid* would be the worſe for it.

Strat. What do you complain of then? you have a Gallantry put upon you which you did not enjoy; a great miſchance indeed! But, to make you amends again, you are ſet out for a Beauty and a Wit, which you were not.

Dido. What a comfort!

Strat. I know not what humour you are of; but moſt Women, if I am not miſtaken, had rather have their Vertue a little queſtioned, than either their Wit or their Beauty: for my part, that was my humour. A Painter at the Court of the King of *Syria*, my Husband, was diſſatisfied with me; and out of revenge, he drew me as in the Arms of a Soldier. He expoſed his Picture to view, and took

took his heels. My Subjects, zealous of my Glory, would have burnt this Picture publickly; but I being drawn admirably well, and full of Beauty, though the postures allotted me therein were not advantagious to my Vertue, I forbad the burning of it, and recalled the Painter, whom I pardoned. If you'll believe me, you'll do the same by *Virgil*.

Dido. That would do well, if the first degree of Merit in a Woman did consist in being handsom, or in being witty.

Stratonice. I do not take upon me to decide what that first merit is; but commonly, the first question one asks of a Woman one knows not, is, Is she handsome? next, has she any Wit? a third is seldom asked.

The Fourth Dialogue.

Anacreon, Ariſtotle.

Ariſtotle.

I Could never have thought that a petty Ballad-maker would have dared to compare himſelf with a Philoſopher of ſo great repute as I am.

Anacreon. You make the name of *Philoſopher* ſound very loud; but, I wiſh my petty Songs, have notwithſtanding been called *the wiſe Anacreon*, and methinks the Title of *Philoſopher* is not ſo good as that of *Wiſe*.

Ariſt. Thoſe who aſcribed you that quality, did not very well mind what they ſaid. What had you ever done to deſerve it?

Anacr.

Anacr. I had done nothing but drink, ſing, and fall in love; and the wonder is, that I had this name of *Wiſe* given me for doing thus, whereas you had only that of *Philoſopher* given you, which coſt you a world of labours: For how many Nights have you ſpent in ſifting the intricate Queſtions of the *Dialectick?* How many great Volumes have you writ upon obſcure matters, which perhaps you did not very well underſtand your ſelf.

Ariſt. I confeſs you have taken a more eaſie way to attain to *Wiſdom*, and you muſt needs have been an able man to find out a way to purchaſe more glory with your Lute and your Bottle, then the greateſt men have gained with their watchings and toyls.

Anacr. You think to jeer, but

I will

I will maintain that 'tis harder to drink and ſing, as I have ſung, and as I have drunk, than to philoſophize as you have done; to ſing and to drink as I have, a man's Soul ſhould be freed from all violent paſſions, ſhould aim no more at what does not depend upon us, ſhould always be in a diſpoſition to take time as it ſhould come. In fine, there would be many little Affairs to regulate about him; and though there be no great matter of Philoſophy in all this, one has trouble enough for all that to compaſs it. But a man may philoſophize as you have done upon more reaſonable terms. One is not obliged to cure ones ſelf neither of Ambition, nor of Covetouſneſs; a man may have a favourable acceſs to *Alexander*'s Court; he may purchaſe Preſents of five hundred thouſand

Crowns,

Crowns, which he does not altogether apply in experiments of Nature, according to the intention of the Donor; and in a word, this kind of Philosophy leads to things that are opposite enough to Philosophy.

Arist. Some body here below must needs have spoken ill of me to you; but when all is done, Man is not Man, but upon the account of Reason, and nothing is more excellent than to teach others what use they should make of studying Nature, and clearing all those Intricacies which he proposes unto us.

Anacr. Thus men pervert the use of every thing: Philosophy in it self is an admirable thing, and may be very serviceable to them; but because she would be uneasie to them, if she did meddle with their Concerns, and settle her self among

among them to regulate their paſſions, they have diſpatched her away into the Heavens to ſet the Planets in order, and meaſure their motions, or elſe they pace her up and down the Earth, to make her examine all they ſee upon it. In ſhort, they always employ her as far off themſelves as 'tis poſſible. In the mean time, as they will be Philoſophers at an eaſie rate, they have the art how to extend and ſet out this Title, and they give it for the moſt part to thoſe that dive into natural Cauſes.

Ariſt. And how can one give them a fitter Title?

Anacreon. Philoſophy concerns her ſelf with Men only, and not at all with the reſt of the World. The Aſtronomer muſes on the Stars and Planets, the Naturaliſt conſiders Nature, and the Philo-

ſopher thinks of himſelf. But who would have been one upon ſuch hard Conditions? Alas! ſcarce any body. Philoſophers then are diſpenſed withal from being Philoſophers, and men are contented they ſhould be Aſtronomers, or Naturaliſts. For my part, I was not of a temper to engage my ſelf into Speculations; but I'm ſure, that there is leſs Philoſophy in many Books, that make profeſſion of treating of it, then in ſome of thoſe petty Songs which you ſo much undervalue; for example in this.

If Gold length of life did beſtow,
Farther my ambition ſhould not go,
Then greedily to heap up treaſure.
When Death to me a viſit made,
Quickly return would I bid her to
her ſhade,
In giving her, what I had, without
meaſure. But

But if Atropos *and her Sisters se-*
vere do not of this allow,
Gold shall no more be my care,
Women, Wine, and good Cheer
Shall my diversions make I vow.

Arist. If you will call that Philosophy only which looks into Manners, there is in my Morals that which is as good as your Song; for that obscurity which I'm taxed of, and which is perhaps in some of my Books, is not to be found in my Writings upon that matter; and the whole World has owned that there was nothing finer nor more clear than what I have said concerning Passions.

Anacr. What an abuse! The question is not to define Passions methodically, as 'tis said you have done, but to master them. Men willingly deliver up their Evils to

Philoſophy for her to conſider them, but not to cure them; and they have found the ſecret of framing a Moral which reaches them no nearer than Aſtronomy does. Can a man forbear laughing, to ſee ſome, that for money, preach up the contempt of riches, and Cowards that fall together by the ears about the definition of Magnanimous?

The

The Fifth Dialogue.

Homer. Æſop.

Homer.

ALL thoſe *Fables* which you have now related to me, cannot, indeed, be admired enough: You muſt needs have been indued with a great deal of art, that you could thus diſguiſe in little Tales, the moſt important Inſtructions of Morality, and cover your thoughts under theſe Repreſentations which are ſo proper and ſo familiar.

Æſop, 'Tis very pleaſing to me that I am applauded by you for an Art, wherein you were ſo careſull.

Homer, I? I did never pretend to it.

Æſop, How, did you not make it your buſineſs to hide great myſteries in your works?

Hom. Alas! not at all.

Æſ. Nevertheleſs all the Learned of my time did ſay as much; there was not a word in the *Iliads*, nor in the *Odiſſea*, but they gave it the fineſt Allegories in the World. They did maintain, that all the Secrets of Divinity, of Natural and Moral Philoſophy, and of the Mathematicks, were incloſed in your Writings. Truly 'twas ſomewhat difficult to diſcloſe them, and where one found out a Moral ſence, another found out a Natural ſence; but they agreed that you knew all, and had ſaid all to him that rightly underſtood it.

Hom. Without lying, I did miſtruſt that ſome ſort of people would conceive I had ſome cunning

ning meaning, where I intended none. As there is nothing like Prophecying things afar off in expectation of the event; ſo there is nothing like putting off *Fables*, in expectation of the Allegory.

Æſop, You muſt needs have been a bold man, to entruſt your Readers with the care of putting Allegories in your Poems. Whereabouts would you have been, if they had been taken literally?

Homer, Well then, the harm would not have been ſo great.

Æſ. What? thoſe *Gods who maim* one another; that Thundering *Jove*, who in a Convention of *Deities* threatens to beat Majeſtical *Juno*; That *Mars*, who being wounded by *Diomedes*, bawls, you ſay, like nine or ten thouſand men, and does not act like one alone; (for inſtead of routing all the *Greeks*, he goes and

complains of his Wound to *Jupiter*) all this would have been well without an Allegory?

Hom. Why not? You fancy that the Minds of men ſeek for Truth altogether? Diſabuſe your ſelf. Man's mind and falſhood ſympathize moſt ſtrangely. If you have a truth to ſpeak, you'l do very well to fold it up in *Fables*, 'twill be far more pleaſing. If you'l relate *Fables*, they may take without having the leaſt colour of truth in them. Thus Truth has need to borrow the ſhape of Falſhood to be kindly received in the mind of man; but Falſhood creeps into it well enough in its own proper ſhape, for that is the place of its birth, and its uſual place of aboad, and Truth is there a meer ſtranger. Nay, I will tell you more than this comes to. If I ſhould have killed my ſelf to fancy

cy allegorical *Fables*, it might very well have happened that moſt people would have taken the *Fable*, as a thing likely enough to have had been ſo, and would have let the Allegory alone; and indeed, you ought to know that my Gods, ſuch as they are (and all Myſteries laid aſide) have not been thought ridiculous.

Æſ. This makes me quake again: I am terribly afraid that it will be thought that Beaſts might have ſpoken as they do in my Apologies.

Hom. A pretty fear indeed.

Æſop, Why what? If people have believed that the Gods could have held thoſe Diſcourſes you made them hold; why will they not believe that Beaſts did ſpeak in the manner as I made them ſpeak?

Hom. Ah! the Caſe is not the

ſame; Men are willing enough that the Gods ſhould be as great great Fools as they; but they are not willing that Beaſts ſhould be ſo wiſe.

The Sixth Dialogue.

Athenais. *Icaſia.*

Icaſia.

SInce you will know my Fortune, I will tell it you: The Emperour under whom I lived, had a mind to marry; and that he might the better chooſe an Empreſs, he cauſed it to be publiſhed, That all Women that thought themſelves handſom and taking enough to pretend to the Throne, ſhould come to *Conſtantinople*. God only knows what a world

world of people there was. I went thither, and I made no doubt but with my youth, my brisk eyes, and my way, which was pleasant and curious enough, I might not put in for the Empire. The day of the meeting together of so many pretty Pretenders, we all of us ran over in a distracted manner the faces of each other; and I took notice with satisfaction, that my Rivals did look but with an ill eye upon me. The Emperour appeared; at first he passed by several rows of Beauties without saying a word; but when he came at me, my eyes were very serviceable to me, and they stayed him. Indeed, quoth he, looking upon me with a countenance such as I could wish, *Women are very dangerous; they may do a great deal of harm*: I thought there was only a little wit to be used in the

the caſe, and then I was Empreſs: and in the trouble I was in, what with hope, what with joy, I ſtrove to make an anſwer. *In recompence of that, Lord, Women may do, and ſometimes have done much good.* This Anſwer ſpoiled all; the Emperour thought it ſo godly, that he durſt not marry me.

Athenais, Sure this Emperour was of a ſtrange humour, to be ſo afraid of Wit, and 'tis to be preſumed he had but little judgment in it, to believe that your Anſwer did argue much; for to be free with you, 'tis no very good one, and you have no great matter to lay to your own charge.

Icaſia, Thus go Fortunes; Wit alone made you an Empreſs, and an appearance only of Wit hindred me from being one. You were verſed to in Philoſophy, which is far worſe than to be witty; and not-

notwithſtanding all this, you married the young *Theodoſius*.

Athen. If I ſhould have had ſuch an example as yours before me, it would have frighted me. After my Father had made me a very learned, and a very godly Laſs, he did diſinherit me; ſo ſure did he make himſelf, that with my learning and my fine wit, I could not miſs of making my Fortune; and to ſay the truth, I believed it as well as he. But now I ſee I ran a great hazard, and that it was not impoſſible but I might remain without any means, and have Philoſophy alone for my Portion.

Icaſ. No ſure, but as good luck would have it for you, my adventure had not yet happened. It would be pleaſant enough that upon the like occaſion as that which befel me, ſome other that knew my Story, and would draw

an

an advantage from it, were so crafty as to make no shew of wit, and that people would laugh at her.

Athen. I would not be answerable for her success herein, in case she were upon design; but many times one does by chance commit the happiest Follies in the world. Have you not heard talk of a Painter who had so well drawn some Bunches of Grapes, that some Birds were deceived in them, and came and nibled at them? Do you judge what a Repute this gave him. But the Grapes were born in the Picture by a little Country Boy; and the Painter was told, That truly they must needs be well done, since they intised the Birds to them; but that the little Country Boy must needs be very ill done, since the Birds were not afraid of him. They were

were in the right; Yet if the Painter had not over-ſeen himſelf in the little Peaſant, the Grapes would not have had that prodigious ſucceſs as they had.

Icaſ. Truly, let a man do what he will in the world, he does not know what he does; and after the adventure of this Painter, we ought to tremble even in thoſe Affairs, where we behave our ſelves well, and fear leſt we have done no fault that might have been neceſſary; all is uncertain. It looks as though Fortune took care to give different Succeſſes to one and the ſame thing, to the end ſhe may always laugh at humane Reaſon, which is uncaple of any certain Rule.

DIA-

DIALOGUES

OF THE

Ancient Dead

WITH THE

Modern Dead.

The First Dialogue.

Augustus. Peter Aretine.

Peter Aretine.

YES, I was a fine Wit in my time, and I made a pretty considerable Fortune with Princes.

Augustus,

Auguſtus, You writ then many Books for them.

P. Aretine, None at all; I had a Penſion from all the Princes of *Europe*, and that could not have been if I ſhould have ſate writing of Praiſes. They had Wars with one another; when one had the better of the Day, the other had the better of it: it was not poſſible to give them all their Praiſes.

Auguſtus, What did you then?

P. Aret. I made Verſes againſt them: They could not be admitted into a *Panegyrick*, but into a *Satyr* they might. I had ſo well ſpread abroad the Terrous of my Name, that they allowed me Tribute to enable me to commit Follies in ſafety.

The Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, who you muſt needs have heard ſpeak of here below, being gone very unadviſedly towards the

the Coasts of *Africa*, to receive an Overthrow, did immediately send me a Chain of Gold. I received it; and looking sadly upon it, *Ah!* said I aloud, *this is but a small matter, for so great a folly as he has committed.*

Aug. You had found a new kind of way to get money of Princes.

P. Aret. Had not I cause to conceive some hopes of a wonderful Fortune, in settling my self a Revenue upon the follies of others? It is a good foundation, and does yield well.

Aug. Whatever you can say of it, the praising Trade is surest, and by consequence the best.

P. Aret. What would you have? I was not impudent enough to praise.

Aug. Why? You were impudent enough to make Satyrs upon Crowned Heads. *P. Aret.*

P. Aret. It is not the ſame thing to make Satyrs: it is not always neceſſary to undervalue thoſe they are made of; but to give ſome certain unreliſhing praiſes, I fancy a man muſt in ſome kind contemn thoſe very perſons he praiſes, and think them great Cullies. With what face could *Virgil* tell you, that it was unknown in what quality you would rank your ſelf among the Gods; and that it was uncertain, whether you would take upon you the care of the concerns of the Earth, or whether you would make your ſelf a God of the Sea, by taking to Wife a Daughter of *Thetis*, who would willingly have purchaſed the honour of your Alliance, though it had coſt her all her Waters; or, in fine, whether you would quarter your ſelf in the Heavens, near *Scorpio*, who held the place of two

Signs

Signs, and who, upon your account, would have ſtraitned himſelf more?

Aug. Be not ſurpriſed at *Virgil*'s boldneſs. When a man is praiſed, he does not take take thoſe praiſes in the ſtricteſt ſenſe; he helps out the Letter, and the Writer's baſhfulneſs receives great eaſe from the ſelf-love of them to whom he applies them. Many times we imagine we deſerve praiſes which we have not; and how ſhall we believe that we did not deſerve thoſe we have?

P. Aret. You did hope then, upon *Virgil*'s word, that you ſhould marry a Sea-Nymph, or that you ſhould have an Apartment in the *Zodiac*?

Aug. No, no. There is ſomething to be deducted from thoſe kind of praiſes, to reduce them to ſome reaſonable meaſure; but, to

ſpeak

ſpeak the truth, the abatement we make is very little, and we take them at our own rates. In ſhort, let a man be praiſed in what manner you will, he will always take the advantage of believing that he is above all common praiſes, and that his merit did reduce the praiſer to go beyond all bounds. Vanity has diverſity of Shapes.

P. Aret. I ſee well enough, there muſt be no difficulty made to puſh praiſes to the heighth of exceſs; but, at leaſt, as to ſuch as are contrary to one another, how can one have the impudence to allow them to Princes? I will lay a wager, for example, that when you did revenge your ſelf of your Enemies without any ſhew of mercy, nothing was thought more glorious by all your Court, than to thunder out your fury upon every thing that had the Temerity to oppoſe

poſe you ; but ſo ſoon as you had done any action that was mild, the face of things changed, and nothing was found in revenge, but a barbarous and inhumane Glory: one part of your life was praiſed to the prejudice of the other. For my part, I ſhould have been afraid leſt you would have given your ſelf the recreation to take me at my own words, and would have ſaid to me ; *Chuſe either Severity, or Clemency, to make the Character of an Hero : but when this is done, ſtick to your own choice.*

Aug. Why, will you have one look ſo narrowly to it ? 'Tis for the advantage of great perſons, that all matters ſhould be problematical for flattery. Do what they will, they cannot fail to be praiſed ; if it be for things that are oppoſite, 'tis becauſe they have more than one kind of merit.

P. Aret.

P. Aret. But what? Had you never no ſcruple upon you about all thoſe Elegies which were heaped upon you? was there any need of ſtraining a man's wit, to perceive that they were intended to you? Praiſes do not diſtinguiſh Princes; Heroes have no more than others: but Poſterity does diſtinguiſh the praiſes which have been given to different Princes. Some ſhe confirms, and others ſhe declares to be baſe flatteries.

Aug. You will then, at leaſt, yield, that I did deſerve the praiſes given me, ſince 'tis certain that Poſterity has ratified them by her Judgment. Nay, in this caſe, I have ſome cauſe to complain of her; for ſhe has ſo uſed her ſelf to look upon me as the Model of Princes, that 'tis uſual to praiſe them, by comparing them to me, and oftentimes the compariſon does injure me. *P. Aret.*

P. Aret. Comfort your ſelf: you will be no farther troubled with this cauſe of complaint. To hear how all the Dead that come hither do ſpeak of *Lewis* the Fourteenth now reigning in *France*, 'tis he that will be looked upon hereafter as the Model of Princes; and I foreſee, that henceforwards it will be thought that greater praiſes cannot be given them, than by allotting them ſome reſemblance with this great King.

Aug. Well then? Do not you believe that thoſe to whom ſo great an exaggeration ſhall be addreſſed, will hearken to it with pleaſure?

P. Aret. That may be. People are ſo deſirous of Praiſes, that Equality and Truth are diſpenſed withall; and ſo are all requiſite Properties.

Aug.

Aug. It's clear enough to be ſeen that your aim is to exterminate all praiſes. If none but good ones ſhould be given, who would trouble himſelf to give them?

P. Aret. All that ſhould beſtow them without Intereſt, 'tis their right alone to praiſe. How happens it that your *Virgil* did praiſe *Cato* ſo much, when he ſaid that he did preſide in the Aſſembly of the better ſort of perſons, who are ſeparated from the others in the *Eliſian* Shades? 'Tis becauſe he was dead; and *Virgil*, that expected nothing from him, nor from his Family, beſtowed but one Verſe upon him, and made a reaſonable thought the bounds of his Elogy. How comes it that he ſpoke ſo ill of you in ſo many words, at the beginning of the *Georgicks*? You allowed him a Penſion.

Aug. I have then flung away a great deal of money in praiſes?

P. Aret. I am ſorry for it. Why did not you do as one of your Succeſſors has done; who, as ſoon as he had attained the Empire, did by a Declaration, expreſly forbid the making of Verſes for him at any time?

Aug. Alas! He had greater reaſon than I. Thoſe praiſes which preſent themſelves to us are not the true ones, but thoſe are which we ſnatch up by the by.

The Second Dialogue.

Sapho. *Laura.*

Laura.

IT is true, the Muſes had a ſhare in the Paſſions which we two have had, and they rendred them very pleaſant: But this difference there is, you writ the Praiſes of your Lovers, whereas my Gallants did all they could to extol mine.

Sapho. What then? the meaning is, that I loved as much as I was beloved.

Laura. This does not ſurpriſe me, for I know that Women commonly are more tender hearted than Men. That which does ſurpriſe me is, that you ſhould let your Lovers know your inclinati-

ons for them, and that you ſhould in ſome manner work upon their heart by your Poeſies. A Woman's part is but to defend herſelf.

Sapho. Betwixt you and I, I was a little troubled at it; 'tis an injuſtice that Men have done us: They have taken the aſſailing part, which is far more eaſie than the defenſive.

Laura. Let us not complain, we have our advantages. We that defend our ſelves, we yield when we pleaſe; but they that attack us, they do not always overcome, though they would never ſo fain.

Sapho. But you do not conſider that if theſe Men do attack us, they follow the inclination they have to attack us: but when we defend our ſelves, we are not very much inclined to make a defence.

Laura

Laura. Do you make nothing of the pleaſure in ſeeing by ſo many ſweet Aſſaults of ſo long continuance, and ſo often redoubled, how they value the Conqueſt of your heart?

Sapho. And do you reckon as nothing the difficulty to reſiſt theſe ſweet Attacks? they ſee with delight the ſucceſs of them in all their proceedings with us.

Laura. But in fine, though after all their diligences, they become Victors in a fair way, you do them a favour in acknowledging them to be ſo. You can no longer make a defence, and they ceaſe not to let you ſee the value they have for you, becauſe you make no farther defence.

Sapho. Ah! this does not hinder, but that that which is a Victory for them, is always a kind of defeat on our ſide. In being loved,

they have no other delight than that of triumphing over the person who loves them; and happy Lovers are not happy but because they are Conquerors.

Laura. What? would you have had it ordered that Women should attack the Men?

Sapho. And what necessity is there, that the one should attack, and the others defend themselves? Let both sides love one another as much as the heart will allow.

Laura. Oh! things would run too fast; and Love is such a pretty pleasing kind of Trade, that it was very well done to give it time to last as long as it was possible. What would it be if one should be entertained upon the first offers? What would become of all those cares to please, of all that restlessness, when we tax our selves of some neglect to give satisfaction

of all that earneſtneſs wherewith we endeavoured for one happy moment? to conclude, all that delightful mixture of pleaſure and pain, which is called Love? Nothing would be more inſipid, if we did only exchange love for love.

Sapho. Well then, if Love muſt needs be, as it were, a Fight, I could rather wiſh that Men had been obliged to ſtand upon the defenſive. And have not you told me too, that Women were more inclined to be tender hearted than they? Upon that ſcore Women would attack them the better.

Laura. Ay, but they would defend themſelves too well. When 'tis deſigned that one Sex ſhould reſiſt, 'tis intended the reſiſtance ſhould be no more than would make the Victory better pleaſing to the Victor, but not ſtrong

enough to gain it. It ought not to be so weak as to yield upon the first Assault, nor so vigorous as not to yield at all. Here is our Character, and 'tis likely it would not be the Mens. Believe me, when we have well argued the ease of Love, or of any other matter whatever, it is found in the end, that things are well as they are, and that the pretended Reformation would spoil all.

The Third Dialogue.

Socrates. *Montaigne.*

Montaigne.

IT is you then, Divine *Socrates!* How glad am I to ſee you! I am juſt now arrived in this Country, and I was no ſooner come hither, but I looked up and down for you. In fine, after having filled up my Book with your Name, and with your Elogies, I can now entertain my ſelf with you, and learn how you came by that Vertue, ſo *Montaigne*'s Terms in French, downright, which had ſuch natural goings, and which could not be fitted with any example, even in that happy Age you lived in.

Socrates. I am glad to ſee a dead perſon that ſeems to me to have been a Philoſopher; but you being lately come from above, and I not having ſeen any body here of a long time (for I am left lonely enough, and there is no great ſtriving for my Converſation) will you not be diſguſted if I ask you ſome News? How goes the World? Is it not hugely changed?

Mont. Extreamly: You would not know it again.

Socrat. I am glad of it at my heart. I did ever ſuſpect that it would of neceſſity become better and wiſer than it was in my days.

Mont. What is your meaning? It is grown more fooliſh, and more corrupted than ever. That is the change I meant, and I expected to know of you the ſtory of the time you ſaw, and wherein reigned

reigned ſo much goodneſs and righteouſneſs.

Socrat. And I, on the contrary, did expect to hear wonders of the Age in which you have lately lived. What? Have not the Men of theſe times corrected themſelves of the follies of Antiquity?

Mont. I believe 'tis becauſe you are ancient your ſelf, that you ſpeak ſo familiarly of Antiquity; but know that there is cauſe enough to lament its Manners, and that daily every thing grows worſe.

Socrat. Can that be? Methinks all went very croſs in my days. I thought that in the end they would take a more reaſonable courſe, and that Men would better themſelves by the experience of ſo many years.

Mont. And do Men try Experiences? They are juſt like Birds, who

who let themſelves be caught in the ſame Net, in which an hundred thouſand Birds had been already taken. There is not a Man that does not enter into Life all raw, and the follies of Fathers are of no advantage to Children.

Socrat. But why do not they make ſome Experiences? I ſhould think that the World ought to be wiſer, and more regular in its old days, than it had been in its youth.

Mont. Men in all Ages have the ſelf ſame Inclinations, over which Reaſon has no power at all. So in all places where there are Men, there are follies, and the ſame follies.

Socrat. And upon that ſcore, how would you have had the Ages of Antiquity been better than this Age is?

Mont.

Mont. Ah *Socrates!* I knew well enough you had a ſingular way of arguing, and drawing ſo dexterouſly thoſe you had to deal with into Arguments whereof they did not fore-ſee the Concluſion, that you lead them whither you had a mind; and it was that which you called to be the Midwife of their thoughts, and bring them to Bed. I confeſs here I am brought to Bed of a Propoſition quite contrary to that which I propoſed; for all that, I cannot yield yet. Sure it is, there are no more any of thoſe vigorous and ſturdy Souls of Antiquity, no *Ariſtides*, no *Phocions*, no *Pericles*, nor, in ſhort, no *Socrates*.

Socrat. Where does it ſtick? Is it that Nature has exhauſted her ſelf, and has no farther ſtrength to produce thoſe great Souls? And why ſhould ſhe have waſted her

ſelf

ſelf in nothing but in rational Men? None of her Works did degenerate yet; why ſhould men only degenerate?

Mont. That is a point indeed; they do degenerate. Nature ſeems to have ſhewed us heretofore ſome patterns of great men, thereby to perſuade us, that ſhe could have made ſome if ſhe had had a mind to it, and that afterwards ſhe had made all the reſt with neglect enough.

Socrat. One thing mind. Antiquity is an object of a particular kind, a far off, does add to it. Had you known *Ariſtides*, *Phocion*, *Pericles*, and my ſelf, ſince you will put me in that number, you would have found in your Age ſome perſons that were like us. That which does uſually cauſe this prevention in people for Antiquity, is, becauſe they are out of humour with their Age,

Age, and Antiquity takes advantage thereof. Men exalt the Ancients, to pull down their Contemporaries. When we lived, we eſteemed our Anceſtors more than they deſerved; and now, our Poſterity eſteem us more than is our deſert: but our Anceſtors, and we, and our Poſterity, all this is equal enough; and I believe the Spectacle of the World would be very tedious to him that ſhould look upon it with an eye of Certitude, for 'tis always the ſame.

Mont. I ſhould have believed that every thing was in motion, that all did change, and that the different Ages had their different Characters, as men had. And indeed, Are not ſome Ages learned, and are not others ignorant? Are not ſome plain and downright, and others again ſubtil and crafty? Some are ſerious, and ſome are toyiſh:

toyiſh: ſome again are fine and quaint, and others are groſs and dull.

Socrat. 'Tis true.

Mont. Why ſhall there not be then ſome Ages more vertuous, and others more wicked?

Socrat. That is no conſequence. Cloaths change; but by that it is not meant that the Bodies change their form too: The neatneſs or the groſſneſs, the knowledge or the ignorance, the more or leſs of a certain kind of downrightneſs, the ſerious or the toyiſh Genius; theſe make but the out-ſide of Man, and all this does change; but the heart does not change, and whole Man conſiſts in the heart. People are ignorant in one Age, but the mode to be learned may come: People are intereſted, but the mode to be diſ-intereſted will never come. Of the prodigious num-

number of Men unreaſonable enough that are born in an hundred years, Nature, may be, has two or three dozen of them that are reaſonable, which ſhe muſt diſperſe over the whole Earth; and you judge well enough, that there are never in no place ſo many as may make a mode there of Vertue and of Righteouſneſs.

Mont. Is this diſtribution of rational men equally made? There might have been ſome Ages that might have had a better ſhare than others.

Socrat. Nature does ever act very regularly, but we do not judge as ſhe acts.

The Fourth Dialogue.

Adrian the Emperor. *Margaret* of *Auſtria*.

M. of *Auſtria.*

WHat ail's you? I ſee you are all in an heat.

Adrian. I have juſt now had a ſtrong Conteſt with *Cato* of *Utica*, about the manner how we both died. I pretended that in this laſt action I had ſhewed my ſelf more a Philoſopher than he had.

M. of *Auſtria.* I think you very bold, that you dare queſtion ſo famous a death as his. Was there any thing more glorious, than to take care that all was well ſetled in *Utica*, ſecure his Friends, and kill

kill himſelf, that he might end with the Liberty of his Country, and avoid falling into the hands of a Vanquiſher, who would, however have ſpared him ?

Adrian. Oh ! if you did narrowly examine that death, you would find there were ſeveral things to queſtion in it. In the firſt place, he had been ſo long in preparing himſelf for it, and he did prepare himſelf with ſuch viſible ſtrifes, that no body in *Utica* made any queſtion, but that *Cato* would kill himſelf. Secondly, Before he gave himſelf the blow, he was fain to read often the Dialogue where *Cato* treats of the Immortality of the Soul. Thirdly, The deſign he had laid put him ſo out of humour, that, going to Bed, and not finding his Sword under his Beds-head, (for, as people rightly gueſſed what he had a mind to do, they had taken

ken it away) he called one of his Slaves to ask him for it, and gave him ſo great a blow with his fiſt upon the face, that with it he ſtruck out his teeth: this is ſo true, that he drew back his hand all bloody.

M. of *Auſtria.* I confeſs, this blow with the fiſt does very much ſpoil this Philoſophical death.

Adrian. You cannot believe what a ſtir he made about this Sword taken away, and how he railed at his Son and at his Servants; ſaying, that they had a mind to deliver him up to *Cæſar*, hands and feet tied together. In fine, he ſcolded them all in ſuch a manner, that they were fain to go out of his Chamber, and let him kill himſelf.

M. of *Auſtria.* Indeed, indeed, things might have gone on a little more mildly. He needed but have peaceably ſtayed till the next day to give himſelf his death. Nothing

is more eaſie than to die when one is bent upon it. But in all likelihood, the meaſures he had taken upon the account of his conſtancy, were ſo exact, that he could ſtay no longer; and he had not, perhaps, killed himſelf, had he delayed a day longer.

Adrian. You ſay right; and I ſee that you have skill in generous deaths.

M. of *Auſtria.* Yet ſome ſay, that after they had carried this Sword to *Cato*, and had withdrawn themſelves, he fell aſleep, and ſnored. That would be brave enough.

Adrian. And do you believe this? He had but done ſcolding every body, and beating his Servants: a man does not ſo eaſily fall aſleep after ſuch an exerciſe. Moreover, his hand he had ſtruck his Slave with did pain him too much to let him fall aſleep, for he was not

not able to bear the pain he felt: and he made it be bound up by a Phyſician, though he was juſt going to kill himſelf. In ſhort, from the time his Sword was brought, till Mid-night, he read *Plato*'s Dialogues twice over. Then I could prove eaſily by a great Supper he made for all his friends, by a walk he took afterwards, and by all paſſages that happened till he was left alone in his Chamber, that it muſt be very late when that Sword was brought him: Moreover, the Dialogue he read twice over is very long; and by conſequence, if he ſlept, he ſlept but a little while. Truly, I am much afraid he did but make as if he ſnored, that he might have the honour of it from thoſe that hearkned at his Chamber door.

M. of *Auſtria.* You do not play the Critick amiſs upon his death; which,

which, however, does carry in the bottom ſomething that is very heroical. But which way can you pretend that yours has the better of it? For as much as I can remember, you died in your Bed, in a plain and unremarkable manner.

Adrian. What? Are not thoſe Verſes remarkable at all, which I made as I was juſt giving up the Ghoſt?

My little Soul, my dear Darling,
Thou;
Going thou art, Girl; and whither,
God does know.
Alone thou goeſt, naked, and all over
quaking. Alas!
What'll become of thy pretty fooling
humour, Laſs?
What'll become of ſo many pleaſant
frolicks, I can't gueſs.

Cato

Cato treated Death like a buſineſs that was too ſerious, but you ſee, I drolled with it: and herein it is that I pretend that my Philoſophy went far beyond *Cato*'s. It is not ſo difficult haughtily to out-brave Death, as it is to joak her in a careleſs manner; nor is it ſo hard a thing to receive her kindly when we call her to our aid, as when ſhe comes when we have no need of her.

M. of *Auſtria.* Yes, I grant, *Cato*'s death is not ſo brave as yours; but, as ill luck would have it, I had not obſerved that you had made theſe ſmall Verſes, in which the bravery of yours does conſiſt.

Adrian. This is the way of all the world. *Cato* may tear out his Bowels, rather than fall into the hands of his Enemy: it is, perhaps, no ſuch great matter, if it be throughly examined; yet ſuch a feat

feat as that makes a vaſt ſhew in Hiſtory, and there's not one but is taken with it. Another may die fair and quietly, and be in a capacity to make drolling Verſes upon his death, 'tis more than *Cato* has done; but this has nothing in it that is taking. and Hiſtory does ſcarce take notice of it.

M. of *Auſtria.* Alas! nothing is truer than what you ſay; And I my ſelf that now ſpeak to you, I have a death that I pretend is far before yours, and yet 'tis leſs taken notice of. 'Tis not, however, a downright death; but ſuch as 'tis, it exceeds yours, that does exceed *Cato*'s.

Adrian. How? what do you mean?

M. of *Auſtria.* I was an Emperor's Daughter. I was contracted to a King's Son; and this Prince, after his father's death, ſent me

back to mine, notwithstanding the solemn promise he had made to marry me. After this, they contracted me to the Son of another King; and as I was going by Sea to this Husband, my Ship was beaten with a terrible Tempest, which cast my life into evident danger. Then it was that I made my self this Epitaph:

Megg, *that pretty Damsel does here*
lie;
Has two Husbands, and yet a Maid
does die.

The truth is, I did not die that bout; but 'twas not my fault. Conceive well this kind of death, you'l be satisfied with it. *Cato's* Constancy is injured in one kind, yours in another, mine is natural. He is too high, you are too drolling, I am reasonable.

Adrian.

Adrian. What? You tax me of having had too little fear of death.

M. of *Austria.* I do. It is not likely that a man should be in no disorder at his dying hour; and I am confident you did force your self then to droll, as much as *Cato* did to tear out his Entrails. I am every moment in expectation of Shipwrack without frightning my my self, and I mak my Epitaph in cold blood; this is very extraordinary; and if there were nothing to moderate this History, there would be some reason not to believe it, or to believe that I did act only by way of *Rhodomantado*. But in the mean while, I am a poor Girl, twice contracted, and yet have been so unlucky, as to die a Maid: I shew my Concern for it, and that gives my History all requisite appearance of truth. Your Verses, mind them well, carry no

meaning with them; there is nothing but a *Gibbriſh*, made up of a few Childiſh Terms; but mine have a very clear Senſe, and give content at the very firſt: which is a ſign that Nature ſpeaks in them much more than in yours.

Adrian. Truly, I ſhould never have believed, that the trouble to die a Virgin ought to have been ſo much to your Glory.

M. of *Auſtria.* Make your ſelf as pleaſant with this as you pleaſe; but my death, if it may be termed ſo, has another eſpecial advantage over *Cato's*, and over yours. You had both of you played the Philoſophers ſo much whilſt you lived, that you had engaged your ſelves upon Honour, not to be afraid of death: and if you had had the liberty to fear it, I cannot tell what would have come on it. But I, as long as the ſtorm laſted, I had

Right

Right to tremble, and make my cries reach Heaven, without any body's taking exception at it, or having a leſs eſteem for me. Nevertheleſs, I remained quiet enough to make my Epitaph.

Adrian. Betwixt you and I, Was not the Epitaph made on Shore?

M. of *Aſtria.* Ah! this wrangling thus is ill-becoming: I did not ſo by you, about your Verſes.

Adrian. I yield then, in good earneſt; and I grant, that when Vertue does not go beyond the bounds of Nature, ſhe is very great.

The Fifth Dialogue.

Eraſiſtrates. *Herveus.*

Eraſiſtrates.

YOU tell me wonders. What? the Blood circulates in the Body? the Veins carry it from the Extremities of the Heart, and goes from the Heart into the Arteries, which convey it back again towards the Extremities?

Herveus. I have ſhewed ſo many Experiences of this, that no body makes any further queſtion of it.

Araſiſt. We deceived our ſelves very much then, we Phyſicians of Antiquity, who took the Blood to have but one ſlow motion from the Heart, towards the Extremi-

ties

ties of the Body; and people are highly obliged to you, for having abolished this ancient Error.

Herv. So I pretend. And people ought too to be so much the more obliged to me, in that I was the first that set them in the way to make all those fine Discoveries, as are now made in Anatomy. Since I once found out the Circulation of the Blood, 'tis now, who shall find a new Conduit out, to convey the Blood into all parts of the Body; a new Reservatory? It looks as though whole Man were melted down again. Behold the advantages our Modern Physick ought to have above yours. You made it your business to cure the Body of Man, and his Body was altogether unknown to you.

Erasist. I own that your modern Physitians are better Naturalists than we; they understand Nature

better, but they are not better Phyſitians; we cured the Sick as well as they cure them. I could wiſh all theſe modern ones, and you the very firſt of all, had had Prince *Antiochus* in hand to cure of his Quartern Ague. You know how I went about it, and how I diſcovered by the more than ordinary beating of his Pulſe in the preſence of *Stratonice*, that he was enamoured with that beautifull Queen, and that his whole Diſeaſe did proceed from his violent ſtriving to hide his Paſſion. And yet I made ſo difficult and ſo conſiderable a Cure as that was, without knowing that the blood did circulate; and I am of opinion, that notwithſtanding the help you might have received from this knowledge, you would have been very much puzled had you been in my place. The Point then in agitation

gitation was not about new Conduits, nor new Reſervatories, what was moſt conſiderable to be known in the Patient, was the heart.

Herv. The heart is not always the Point in queſtion, and all ſick people are not in love with their Mother-in-law, as *Antiochus* was. I make no doubt but for want of knowing that the blood does circulate, you have let a great many people die under your hands.

Eraſ. What? you take your new diſcoveries to be very uſeful?

Herv. Sure enough.

Eraſ. Anſwer then, if you pleaſe a little queſtion, which I ſhall put to you: What's the reaſon we daily ſee as many Dead come hither as ever did come?

Herv. Oh! if they die, 'tis their own fault; the Physicians are now no more in fault.

Eraſ. But this circulation of the blood, theſe Conduits, theſe Pipes of Conveyance, theſe Reſervatories; all theſe then are of no uſe to cure?

Herv. Perhaps men have not had pleaſure as yet, to make any uſe of all they have learnt of late, but 'tis impoſſible but in time, they'l ſee great effects thereof.

Eraſ. Upon my word no hing will change. See you? There is a certain meaſure of uſeful knowledges, which came early to men, whereunto they have made little addition, and they will not go far beyond it, if at all. They are thus much obliged to Nature, that ſhe did very ſpeedily inſpire them with what knowledge they ſtood in need of; for they had been

been undone, if ſhe had left it to the ſlowneſs of their reaſon to find out. As for other things which are not ſo neceſſary, they are diſcovered by little and little, and in a long run of years.

Herv. It would be ſtrange that having a better knowledge of man; man cannot cure him better: At that rate, why ſhould one go about to perfectionate the knowledge of the body of man? It would be better to let all alone.

Eraſ. There would be a loſs of very pleaſant knowledges; but as for the utility, I think that to diſcover a new Conduit in man's body, or a new Star in the Sky, would come to one and the ſame thing. Nature will have men at ſome certain times ſucceed one another by the means of death; they have the liberty to defend them-

ſelves againſt her till ſuch an appointed inſtant; but paſt that, it will be to no purpoſe to make new diſcoveries in Anatomy, in vain will it be to penetrate further and further into the Secrets of the frame of man's Body; Nature will not be baffled, People will die after the uſual manner.

The

The Sixth Dialogue.

Berenice, *Cosmus Medicis* the Second.

Cosmus of *Medicis*.

SOme learned Persons lately deceased have just now told me some News that troubles me very much. You must understand that *Galileus*, who was my Mathematician, had made a discovery of certain Planets that turn round about *Jupiter*, which, in honour of me, he called the Stars of *Medicis*. But I am told that they are scarce known now by that Name, and that they are but plainly call'd *Jupiter's Satellits*. The World must

must needs be very wicked now, and very envious of anothers glory.

Berenice, No doubt of it, I seldom knew more remarkable effects of its malignity.

C. Medicis, You speak of it with little concern, after the good luck you have had. You had made a Vow that you would cut off your hair if your Husband *Ptolomy* came back victorious from I cannot tell——what War. He returned having defeated his Enemies; you Consecrated your hair in the Temple of *Venus*, and the next day a Mathematician made it disappear, and publickly declared, that they had been changed into a *Constellation*, which he called *Berenices* Locks. To make Stars pass for a Womans hair, that was far worse than to give a Prince his Name to new Planets; how-

however your hair has had ſucceſs, and thoſe poor Stars call'd *Medicis*, could not have the like Fortune.

Berenice, If I could give you my Celeſtial hair, I would give it to comfort you; and I ſhould withal be ſo generous as not to pretend that you ſhould be much obliged to me for that preſent.

C. Medicis, It would be conſiderable though, and I wiſh my Name were as ſure to live as yours is.

Berenice, Alas! in caſe all the Conſtellations ſhould bear my Name, ſhould I be the better for it? It would be above in the Heavens, and I my ſelf, I ſhould be ſtill here below. Men are pleaſant, they cannot ſteal away from Death themſelves, and they ſtrive to rob her of two or three Syllables that belongs to them. This is a pretty

Cheat

Cheat they think to put upon her. Were it not better they would in an handſom way conſent to die, they and their Names too?

C. Med. I am not of your mind: People die, but as little as is poſſible, and as dead as they are, they endeavour to faſten upon life ſtill, either in a piece of Marble which repreſents them, by ſtones raiſed up the one upon the other; ay, by ones one Tomb. A man drowns himſelf, and hangs on all theſe Hooks.

Berenice, Ay, but thoſe things which ſhould preſerve our Names from death, die themſelves after their way. To what will you fix your immortality? A Town, an Empire it ſelf, can hardly be reſponſible to you for it.

C. Medicis,

C. Medicis, The invention of giving ones Name to Stars, is not bad; they last forever.

Berenice, Yet after the manner as I hear people talk, the Stars too are liable to fail: They say new ones come, and ancient ones go away; and you will see that at length I shall not have one single hair perhaps remaining in the Sky. At least that which cannot be wanting to our Names, is as I may say, a Grammatical death; some changes in the Letters does put them in a condition to be of no farther use than to intangle the Learned. It is not long since I saw here below two dead persons, who had a very hot Contest with one another. I drew near, I asked who they were; and I was told that the one was the great *Constantine*, and the other a *Barbarian* Emperour. Their Dispute was about

bout the preference of their past Greatness. *Constantine* said, he had been Emperour of *Constantinople*; and the *Barbarian* that he had been so of *Stambole*. The first said, to set out his *Constantinople*, that it was seated upon three Seas, upon the *Euxin*, upon the *Bosphorus* of *Thracia*, and upon the *Propontides*. The other replyed, that *Stambole* did also command three Seas, The *black Sea*, the *streight*, and the *Sea Marmara*. This relation of *Constantinople* and *Stambole* did put *Constantine* into a maze; but after he had exactly informed himself of the situation of *Stambole*, he was yet more amazed, to find that it was *Constantinople*, which he could not know again, because of the change of Names. *Alas!* said he aloud, *I should have done as well to have left* Constantinople *her first Name*

of

of Bizantium. *Who'l find out the Name of* Conſtantine *in* Stambole? *He will indeed find there what he looks for.*

C. Medicis, In earneſt, you comfort me a little, and I am reſolved to have patience. When all is done, ſince we could not chooſe but die, it is pretty reaſonable that our Names ſhould die too; they are of no better quality then we.

DIA-

DIALOGUES
OF SOME
Modern Dead.

The First Dialogue.

Anne of *Britany.* — *Mary* of *England.*

Anne of *Britany.*

FOR certain, my death did you a great kindness: you, immediately upon it, crossed the Sea to go and marry *Lewis* XII. and seize upon the Throne which I left empty for you. But you enjoyed it but a while, and I was revenged of you by means of your youth

youth and beauty, which rendred you too too lovely in the King's eye; and, with overmuch facility, did comfort him in his loss of me; for they hastned his death, and hindred you from being Queen long.

Mary of *England*, Truly, Royalty did but just shew it self to me, and presently disappeared.

Anne of *Brit.* And after this, you became Dutchess of *Suffolk*. A fair fall. For my part, Heaven be thanked, I have had another destiny. When *Charles* VIII. died, I did not lose my place by his death, and I married his Successor; which is an example of a very singular happiness.

Mary of *Engl.* Would you believe me, if I did tell you, that I never bore you any grudge for that happiness.

Anne

Anne of *Brit.* No. I apprehend too well what it is to be Dutchess of *Suffolk*, having first been Queen of *France*.

Mary of *Engl.* But I loved the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Anne of *Brit.* That's nothing. After one has once tasted the sweetness of Royalty, is it possible to relish any other?

Mary of *Engl.* It is, provided they be of love. I do assure you, that you ought not to wish me ill for having succeeded you. If, all along, I could have disposed of my self, I should have been but a Dutchess; and I made a speedy return into *England*, to take upon me that Title, so soon as ever I was discharged of that of Queen.

Anne of *Brit.* Were you so low minded?

Mary of *Engl.* Ambition, I must confess, was of no concern to me.

Nature

Nature has made ſome plain pleaſures for men, ſuch as are eaſie and quiet, and their imagination makes them ſome that are intricate, uncertain, and hard to come by: but Nature is more dexterous in creating them pleaſures, than they are themſelves. Why do not they commit that charge to her? She invented Love, which is very pleaſing; and they have invented Ambition, which was needleſs.

Anne of *Brit.* Who tells you that men did invent Ambition? Nature is no leſs buſie in inſpiring deſires of elevation and commanding, than ſhe is in working an inclination in men to love.

Mary of *Engl.* Ambition may be eaſily known to be a work of the imagination; ſhe is the very form of it: ſhe is reſtleſs, full of chymerical projects; ſhe has no ſooner attained her deſires, but ſhe

out-goes them again. She aims ſtill at a mark ſhe never hits.

Anne of *Brit.* And unluckily, Love has a mark which he hits but too ſoon.

Mary of *Engl.* That which enſues hereupon is, that one may oftentimes be happy through Love, and one can be ſo but once through Ambition; or, if it be poſſible to be ſo, at leaſt, thoſe kind of pleaſures are made for no great number of perſons; and conſequently, Nature does not propoſe them to Men, for her favours are always very general. Conſider Love; 'tis made for every one. None but ſuch as do ſeek out their happineſs in a ſtate too elevated, do think that Nature has grudged them the ſweet delights of Love. A King who can make himſelf ſure of an hundred thouſand Arms, cannot, perhaps, make himſelf

himself sure of one heart. He knows not whether that which a man does for another person, be not done out of a point of Honour. His Royalty deprives him of the sincerest and the sweetest pleasures.

Anne of *Brit.* You do not render Kings much the more unhappy by this inconvenience you find out in their condition. When a man sees his Will not only fulfilled, but prevented an infinite number of Fortunes depending upon a word, which he may utter when he pleases; so many cares, such a multitude of designs, so much eagerness, such an application to please, whereof he is the only object; truly it is a comfort to a man, not to know exactly, whether he be loved for his degrees sake, or for his person's sake. The pleasures of Ambition, say you, are

deſigned for too few: what you charge them with, as a fault, is their greateſt charm. In point of good luck Exception flatters; and ſuch as reign are excepted with ſo much advantage from the condition of other men, that though they ſhould loſe ſomething of the pleaſures which are common to all the world, they would ſtill have more than they would deſire.

Mary of *Engl.* Ah! judge of their loſs by the ſenſibility where-with they receive thoſe ſincere and common pleaſures, when any preſent themſelves. Hear what a Princeſs of my own Blood told me here, the other day, who has reigned in *England*, both very long, and very happily, and without an Huſband too. She gave her firſt Audience to ſome *Dutch* Ambaſſadors, who had in their Retinue an handſome young man. So ſoon as he ſaw

ſaw the Queen, he turned himſelf towards ſome that were near him, and ſpoke ſomething to them ſoftly, but with a Countenance that made her gueſs pretty well what he ſaid; for Women are endued with an admirable inſtinct. Thoſe three or four words of this young *Dutch*-man, which ſhe had not heard, remained more in her mind, than the whole ſpeech of the Ambaſſadors: and, as ſoon as they were gone, ſhe would needs ſatisfie her ſelf in what ſhe had imagined. She asked thoſe to whom this young man had ſpoken, what he had ſaid to them? They made her anſwer, with great reſpect, that it was what they did not dare to tell again to ſo great a Queen; and forbore telling it a long time. In fine, when ſhe made uſe of her abſolute Authority, ſhe was told, that the *Dutch*-man had ſaid in a

low voice: *Ah! this is an handsome Woman*; and had added some grosser expression, but brisk, to shew that he liked her. They made the relation hereof with great apprehension; however, nothing happened upon it, saving only, that when she dismissed the Ambassadors, she made a considerable Present to the young *Dutch*-man. See how, among all these pleasures of Greatness and Royalty, this of being thought handsome did touch her to the quick.

Anne of *Brit.* But, in fine, she would not have purchased it with the loss of the other. Any thing that is too downright, is not for Man's turn. It is not sufficient that pleasures do take with sweetness: they must agitate and transport a man. How comes it to pass, that the Pastoral life, such as the Poets describe it, had never any Being, but

but in their works, and would no be liked of, if put in practice? It is too ſweet, and too too plain.

Mary of *Engl.* I confeſs, men have ſpoiled all. But how happens it, that the ſight of the moſt Majeſtical and moſt pompous Court in the World has not the power to allure them, ſo much as the *Ideas* do which ſometimes they propoſe to themſelves of this ſame Paſtoral Life? meerly becauſe they were made for it.

Anne of *Brit.* In like manner, the ſharing in your plain and undiſturbed pleaſures, is but to enter into thoſe *Chymera*'s which men frame to themſelves.

Mary of *Engl.* Not at all. If it be true that there are but few perſons that can make ſuch a diſtinction as to begin with thoſe kind of pleaſures, people are willing, at leaſt, to end with them when they

can. The Imagination has run over all falſe objects, and ſhe comes back to the true ones.

The Second Dialogue.

Charles V. *Eraſmus.*

Eraſmus.

MAke no queſtion of it: if there was any ſuch thing as place among the Dead, I would not yield you the precedency.

Charles V. What? A Grammarian, one of Learning; and what is yet more, a man of Wit, would pretend to be better than a Prince that has been Maſter of the better part of *Europe?*

Eraſ-

Eraſmus. Put *America* to it alſo, and I ſhall not fear you a jot the more. All this greatneſs was, as one may ſay, but a compoſition of many hazards; and if one ſhould diſ-unite all the parts that make it up, you would ſee plainly that it was ſo. If *Ferdinando*, your Grandfather, had been a man of his word, little would have remained to you in *Italy*. If any other Princes but he had the wit to believe that there were *Antipodes*, *Chriſtopher Columbus* would not have applied himſelf to him, and *America* had not been in the number of your States. If, after the death of the laſt Duke of *Burgundy*, *Lewis* XI. had minded what he did, *Maximilian* had not had the Heireſs of *Burgundy*, nor you had not had the *Low-Countries*. If *Henry* of *Caſtyle*, Brother to your Grandmother *Iſabella*, had not had

an ill Reputation among Women, or if his Wifes Honesty had not been something questionable, *Henry*'s Daughter had passed for her Daughter, and you would have missed the Kingdom of *Castille*.

Charles V. You make me tremble. I fancy now at this very moment, that I am losing either *Castille*, or the *Low-Countries*, *America* or *Italy*.

Erasmus. Mock not. You would find it a task to make the one a little more solid, and the other somewhat more faithful. Take all, to the very impotency of your Great Uncle, or the pertness of your Great Aunt, and you will find, that it will be but necessary for you. See what a brittle building that is, which is founded upon so many things depending upon hazard.

Charles

Charles V. Indeed it is not poſſible to withſtand ſo ſtrict an Examination as is yours. I muſt needs confeſs, that all my Greatneſs, and all my Titles do diſappear in your preſence.

Eraſmus. Theſe are the qualities though you pretended to adorn your ſelf with all; I have ſtript you of them without any trouble. Do not you remember you have heard ſay, that *Cimon* the *Athenian*, having taken ſeveral *Perſians* Priſoners, did expoſe to Sale, on one ſide the Cloaths, and their Bodies quite naked on the other; and that whereas the Cloaths were extraordinarily rich, there was great crowding to buy them; but as to the men, no body would meddle with them. In good earneſt, I am apt to believe, that what did happen to theſe *Perſians*, would be the lot of many

an one, if there ſhould be a ſeparation made of the perſonal Merit from that which Fortune has beſtowed upon them.

Charles V. But what is this ſame perſonal Merit ?

Eraſmus. Is that a Queſtion to be asked ? All that is within us. The Mind, for example, Sciences.

Charles V. And one may lawfully glory in them ?

Eraſmus. No doubt of it, the benefits of Fortune, as Gentility or Riches, are not it.

Charles V. What you ſay, ſurpriſes me. Does not Sciences come to the Learned, as Riches do to the moſt part of ſuch as are rich ? Is it not by way of Succeſſion ? You learned men, you inherit of the Antients, as we do of our Fathers. If all we enjoy was bequeathed unto us, all that you know was bequeathed to you alſo.

And

And 'tis that which makes many learned men look upon what they have received from the Ancients, with the ſame reſpect as ſome perſons do upon the Lands and the Houſes of their Anceſtors, wherein they would be loth to make any alteration.

Eraſmus. But the Great Ones are born Heirs to their Fathers Greatneſs, and the Learned were not born Heirs to the Knowledge of the Ancients. Learning is not a Succeſſion that Man receives, it is a new Acquiſition which he undertakes to make; or if it be a Succeſſion, it is hard enough to come by, though it be very honourable.

Charles V. Well then; ſet the labour there is to gain the Goods of the mind, againſt that a man meets with to preſerve the Goods of Fortune, then all is equal; for,

in fine, if you regard difficulty alone, 'tis certain the concerns of the World have more in them, than the ſpeculations of the Cabinet have.

Eraſmus. But let us not talk of Learning, let us ſtick to the mind; that advantage does no ways depend upon hazard.

Charles V. It does not depend upon hazard? What, does not the mind conſiſt in a certain Conformation of the Brain? And is Hazard the leſs to be made of, for taking Birth of a well diſpoſed Brain, than if it were born of a Father that were a King? You were a great Wit; but ask all the Philoſophers, what did hinder that you were not a ſtupified Block-head? Almoſt nothing, ſome little diſpoſition of a Muſcle-ſtring; ſomething, in fine, that the exacteſt Anatomy could never diſcover.

And

And will theſe Gentlemen, your Wits, dare to maintain, now, that they alone do enjoy Goods which are independent of Hazard; and they will think then, they have a Right to contemn all other men?

Eraſmus. At your rate, to be rich, and to have Wit, is the ſame Merit.

Charles V. To have Wit is the more happy hazard; but, at the bottom, it is ſtill an hazard.

Eraſmus. All is hazard then?

Charles V. It is ſo, provided you will give that name to an unknown quality. I leave it to you to judge, if I have not ſtript men better yet than you did: you only took from them ſome advantages of Birth, and I do not ſo much as leave them thoſe of the mind. If before they took a vanity in any thing, they did make themſelves ſure, whether they had any Right to that

ſame

same thing, there would be but little vanity in the World.

The Third Dialogue,

Elizabeth of *England*. The Duke of *Alençon*.

The Duke.

BUT why have you flattered me so long with the hopes of marrying you, since, in your soul, you were resolved to come to no conclusion?

Q. *Elizabeth.* I have deceived many an one else, that was not inferior to you. I was the *Penelope* of my Age. You, the Duke of *Anjou*, your Brother, the Arch-Duke,

Duke, the King of *Swede*, you were all my Suitors, that aimed at an Iſland far beyond that of *Ithaca*, I kept you in hand ſeveral years, and in the end I laughed at you.

Duke. Here are in this place ſome certain Dead, that would not yield that you were altogether like *Penelope:* but there are no compariſons that are not defective in ſome kind or other.

Q. *Eliz.* If you were not as great a Buzzard ſtill as ever, and that you could mind what you ſay——

Duke. That is well; be ſerious now, I adviſe you. Thus you have ever made your Bravado's of---- Witneſs that great Country of *America*, which you made be called *Virginia*, in memory of a very doubtful quality. If, by good luck, that place were not in another World, the name it bears would

would be very improper: but it is no matter, this is not the buſineſs in queſtion. Do ſo much as give me a reaſon for your myſterious Conduct, and for all thoſe projects of Marriage, which came to nothing. Is it that the ſix Marriages of *Henry* VIII. your Father, did teach you not to marry; as the continual Courſes of *Charles* V. taught *Philip* II. to ſtay conſtantly in *Madrid*?

Q. *Eliz.* I might keep to the reaſon which you ſupply me with. Indeed my Father ſpent his whole life in marrying himſelf, and unmarrying again; in repudiating ſome of his Wives, and cauſing others to be beheaded. But the true ſecret of my Conduct is, that I found nothing more pretty than to frame Deſigns, make Preparatives, and execute nothing. Enjoyment of what a man does ardently

dently desire, abates of the esteem of it; and things do not pass from our imagination, to reality, without some loss. You come into *England* to marry me; then nothing but Balls, Feasting, Rejoycings; nay, I go so far as to give you a Ring. Hitherto every thing smiles as much as possible; all consists but in Preparatives, and in *Ideas*: Besides, that which does perfect the delight of Marriage, is already exhausted. Here I stick, and dismiss you.

Duke. To be free with you, your Maxims would not have suited with me; I should have desired something more than *Chymeras*.

Q. *Eliz.* Ah! if men were debarred of *Chymeras*, what pleasures would they have left them? I see well enough that you have had no sense of all the pleasures which attended your life; but you are very

very unhappy indeed, that you did loſe them.

Duke. How? What delights were there in my life? I never ſped in any thing. I was like to be King four ſeveral times: firſt of all *Poland* was the place in agitation, then *England*, and the *Low-Countries*; at laſt, *France*, in all appearance, was likely to fall to me: yet, for all this, I am come hither without Reigning.

Q. Eliz. And this is the happineſs you were not aware of. Always imaginations, hopes; and never any reality. You did nothing but prepare your ſelf for Royalty all your life-time, as I did all along prepare my ſelf for Marriage.

Duke. But as I believe that a real Marriage might have fitted you, I tell you truly, that a real Royalty

Royalty would have pleaſed me well enough.

Q. *Eliz.* Pleaſures are not ſolid enough to bear a ſearch into their depth; they muſt be but juſt ſmelled unto. They are like thoſe boggy Grounds, which a man is obliged to run lightly over, without ever ſettling his foot upon them.

The Fourth Dialogue.

William of *Cabeſtan.* — *Albertus Frederick* of *Brandebourg.*

A. F. of *Bradebourg.*

I Love you the better for having been a fool as well as my ſelf. Tell me a little what your folly was.

Cabeſtan. I was a Poet of *Provence*, much ſet by in my Age; which cauſed my ruin. I fell in love with a Lady, whom I had rendred famous by my Writings. But ſhe took ſuch a liking to my Verſes, that ſhe began to fear leſt I ſhould, ſome time or other, apply them to ſome other perſon; and, the better to ſecure her ſelf of the conſtancy

ſtancy of my Muſe, ſhe gave me a curſed Drink that turned my Wits, and made me incapable of writing any more.

Brand. How long have you been dead?

Cab. Near upon four hundred years.

Brand. Sure, Poets were ever ſcarce in your Age, ſince people had ſo much eſteem for them, as to poyſon them in this manner. I am ſorry you were not born in my time; you might have made Verſes for all kind of handſome Women, without any fear of Poyſon.

Cab. I know it. I ſee none of all thoſe great Wits that come hither, make their complaints of having had my deſtiny. But you, in what manner became you a fool?

Brand.

Brand. After a very reaſonable manner. A King turned fool, after having had ſomething appear to him in a Foreſt. But what I ſaw was far more terrible.

Cab. And what did you ſee?

Brand. In what manner my Wedding was to be kept. I did marry *Mary Eleonora* of *Cleve*; and all along this great day of rejoycing, I made ſuch judicious reflections upon Marriage, that they put me out of my Wits.

Cab. Had you any good intervals in your ſickneſs?

Brand. Yes.

Cab. So much the worſe: and I, for my part, I was yet more unfortunate: I recovered my Wits again.

Brand. I ſhould never have believed that that was a misfortune.

Cab. When a man turns Fool, he muſt be an abſolute one, and con-

continue ſuch an one. Theſe Alternatives of Reaſon and Folly, and theſe Returns again of perfect Reaſon is the property of your petty Fools only, that are ſo but by accident, and which are but inconſiderable in number. But behold thoſe which Nature does daily produce in her natural courſe, and wherewith the World is filled; they are always Fools in an equal manner, and are never cured.

Brand. For my part, I ſhould have imagined, that it were beſt to be as little Fool as one could.

Cab. Ah! do you not know the uſe of folly, Folly hinders a man from knowing himſelf; for the ſight of his own ſelf is a ſad one: and, as 'tis never time to know ones ſelf, ſo folly muſt not forſake a man one ſingle moment.

— *Brand.*

Brand. You may ſay what you will; you ſhall not perſuade me that there be any other fools, than thoſe that are ſo, as both of us have been. The reſt of men have all Reaſon; elſe the loſs of a man's Wits would be no loſs, and one could not diſtinguiſh the Frantick from ſuch as were in their right Senſes.

Cab. The Frantick are only fools of another kind. The follies of all men, being of one ſame nature, have agreed together with ſo much eaſe, that they have been inſtrumental to the making up of the ſtrongeſt ties of Humane Society: witneſs that deſire of Immortality, that falſe Glory, and ſeveral other Principles, which give a motion to all that is done in the World. And none are called fools now, but ſome certain fools that are, as one may ſay, out of

of employment, and whoſe folly could not ſuit with that of the reſt, nor enter into the common dealings of life.

Brand. Thoſe that are frantick, are ſuch great fools, that, for the moſt part, they call one another fool; but your other men call themſelves wiſe perſons.

Cab. Ah! What is it you ſay? All men point at one another with their finger, and Nature has very judiciouſly ſetled that Order. The Solitary Man laughs at the Courtier; but to be even with him, he goes not to trouble him at Court. The Courtier laughs at the SolitaryMan, but he lets him alone in quiet in his retirement. If there were ever a ſide to be taken, that were known to be the only reaſonable ſide, every one would embrace that ſide, and there would be too much crowding: it is better to be

divided into ſeveral little Troops, that embroil not one another, becauſe ſome laugh at what the other do.

Brand. As dead as you are, I find you are a great fool with all your Arguments: you are not well recovered yet of the Drench was given you.

Cab. And this is the *Idea* which a fool muſt always conceive of another. True Wiſdom would too much ſingularize thoſe enjoyed her: but the Opinion of Wiſdom renders all men equal, and does no leſs ſatisfie them.

The

The Fifth Dialogue.

Agnes Sorel. *Roxelana.*

Agnes Sorel.

TO tell you the truth, I do not underſtand your *Turkiſh* Gallantry. The Beauties of the *Seraglio* have a Lover that need only ſay, *My Will is ſo*; they never taſte of the pleaſure of Reſiſtance, and they never afford him the pleaſure of Victory: that is to ſay, that the Sultans and their Sultaneſſes do never enjoy the delights of Love.

Roxelana. What will you have? the *Turkiſh* Emperors, who are ſtrangely jealous of their Authority, have, upon Reaſons of Policy, neglected thoſe ſo refined de-

lights of Love. They were afraid that such Beauties as did not absolutely depend upon them, would assume too great a power over their mind, and meddle too much with Affairs.

Agnes Sorel. Why, well, How know they whether it would be a misfortune? Love is often good for many things: and I that speak to you, if I had not been Mistress to a King of *France*; and if I had not had a great power over him, I know not whereabouts *France* would have been by this time. Have you heard in what a desperate condition our Affairs were in under *Charles* the Seventh, and into what a plight the whole Kingdom was reduced; the *English* being almost Masters of it all?

Roxelana. I have, as this History has made a great noise. I know that a certain Maid did pre-

preſerve *France*: You are then the Maid? And how were you, the ſame time, Miſtreſs to the King?

Agnes Sorel. You miſtake your ſelf; I have no concern with the Maid you have been told of. The King, of whom I was beloved, had a mind to leave his Kingdom to Strangers that were Uſurpers, and go and hide himſelf in a Country full of Mountains, whither I ſhould not have been very well contented to follow him. I bethought my ſelf of a Stratagem to divert him from this deſign. I ſent for an Aſtronomer, whom I dealt withal under-hand; and after he had made a ſhew of ſtudying my Nativity, he told me one day, in preſence of *Charles* the Seventh, that all the Planets were Cheats, or I ſhould inſpire a paſſion of long continuance into a

great King. I presently said to *Charles*; *You will not take it ill then, Sir, that I go over to the Court of* England; *for you will be no longer King, and you have not loved me long enough to fulfil my destiny.* His fear of losing me made him resolve to be King of the *French*; and he began, at that very time, to re-establish himself. Behold how much *France* is obliged to Love, and how gallant that Kingdom ought to be, though it were but by way of acknowledgment.

Roxelana. 'Tis true. But I must to my Maid again: What did she do then? Could History be so much mistaken, as to attribute to a young Country Maid that which did belong to a Court Lady, the King's Mistress?

Agnes.

Agnes Sorel. If Hiſtory ſhould be ſo far miſtaken, it would be no great wonder. Yet 'tis moſt certain, that the Maid did highly encourage the Soldiers; but I had before-hand animated the King. She was a great help to this Prince, whom ſhe found ready to engage with the *Engliſh:* but, had it not been for me, ſhe would not have found him in that poſture. In ſhort, you will no farther queſtion the ſhare I have in that great Affair, when you ſhall know the teſtimony which was given in my behalf in this, by one of *Charles* the Seventh's Succeſſors, in this *Quatrine.*

Gentle Agnes, *more Honour is thy due,*
The Cauſe being France, *for to reſcue.*

Then what, in a Cloiſter, can be done
By devout Hermit, or encloſed Nun.

What ſay you to it *Roxelana*? You will own, that if I had been a Sultanneſs, like you, and had not had a Right to threaten *Charles* the Seventh as I did, he had been undone.

Roxelana. I wonder at the vanity you take in this petty Action. You had no difficulty to gain very much upon the mind of a Lover, you that were free, and your own Miſtreſs: but I, as much a Slave as I was; I did, for all that, make the Sultan ſubmit unto me. You made *Charles* the Seventh King, almoſt againſt his Will; and I made *Soliman* my Huſband, in ſpight of himſelf.

Agnes

Agnes Sorel. But how? They say, the Sultans never marry.

Roxelana. I grant it: However, I was resolved to marry *Soliman*, though I could not bring him to it out of hopes of an happiness which he had not, as yet, obtained. I will tell you a stratagem that goes beyond yours. I began to build Temples, and to do several other works of Piety; after which, I made shew of a deep Melancholy. The Sultan asked me the reason of it a thousand and a thousand times: and when I had made as much a do as was necessary, I told him, that the cause of my trouble was, because all my good Actions, as our Doctors had told me, did me no good; and that, as I was a Slave, I did but labour for *Soliman*, my Lord. Hereupon *Soliman* made me free, to the end, that the Merit of my

good Actions might redound to my own self. But when he had a mind to live with me as formerly, and treat me like a Beauty of the *Seraglio*, I made as if I were much surpriſed; and repreſented unto him, in a very ſerious manner, that he had no Right over the Perſon of a free Woman. *Soliman* had a tender Conſcience: he went to a Doctor of the Law, with whom I did deal under-hand, to conſult about this Caſe. His Anſwer was, that *Soliman* ſhould beware of pretending any thing over me, who was no more his Slave; and that, unleſs he did marry me, I could be no longer his. Now he is more in Love than ever. He had but one Choice to make, but a very extraordinary one, and dangerous to boot for a Sultan: However, he made it, and married me.

Agnes Sorel. I must confess, 'tis a brave thing to make those submit, who do so fore-arm themselves against our Power.

Roxelana. Men may do as much as in them lies: when they are laid hold on by their Passions, one may lead them where one please. Let me return to life again, and let me have the most domineering man in the world; I will handle him as I will my self, so I have a great deal of Wit, Beauty enough, and but little Love.

The

The Sixth Dialogue.

Jane the First of *Naples*. *Anſelme*.

Jane of *Naples*.

HOW? Can you tell me nothing that is to come? You have not forgot all your former Aſtrology?

Anſelme. And how is it poſſible to put it in practice? We have neither Sky nor Stars here.

Jane of *Naples*. 'Tis no matter. I will diſpence with you, for obſerving the Rules ſo exactly.

Anſelme. It would be pretty, that a dead man ſhould prophecy. But yet, upon what?

Jane of *Naples*, Upon me, upon what concerns me.

Anſelme.

Anſelme. That is a good one: You are dead, and will be ſo ſtill: This is all I have to foretell of you. Is our Condition ſuch, that our Concerns may change?

Jane of *Naples.* No. But yet, that is it which does cruelly trouble me: And though I know nothing will happen to me, if you would; for all that, fore-tell me ſomething; it would employ me. You cannot imagine what a ſad thing it is, to have no time to come to look upon. Come; ſome little Propheſie, pray you, ſuch as you will.

Anſelme. To behold your reſtleſneſs, one would think you were yet living. Thus one is too above. One cannot be what one is there, with patience: we anticipate always what we ſhall be; but here we muſt be more wiſe.

Jane of *Naples*. Ah! Have not men reaſon to do as they do? The time preſent is but an inſtant, and it would be a pitiful caſe, they ſhould be reduced to limit their fore-ſight there: Is it not better they ſhould extend it as far as it is poſſible, and gain ſomething upon time to come? They poſſeſs themſelves, however, of ſo much before-hand.

Anſelme. But they borrow ſo much upon time to come, by their imaginations, and by their hopes, that, when it is preſent, they find that it is quite ſpent, and make no uſe of it. In the mean time, they do not break themſelves of their impatience, nor of their reſtleſs humour. Mens great Lure is, *Time to come* ſtill; and we Aſtrologers know it better than any. We boldly tell them, that there are cold Signs and

and hot Signs; that ſome are Male, and ſome are Female; that ſome Planets are good, and ſome bad; and that there are others that, in themſelves, are neither good nor bad; but they take upon them either of the two Qualities, according as they fall or light in company. And all theſe flames are very well accepted of, becauſe it is believed they lead to the knowledge of time to come.

Jane of *Naples*. Why, do they not truly? I would have you that have been my Aſtronomer, tell me ſomething that is ill of Aſtrology.

Anſelme. Hear me. A dead man would not tell a lie: I did deceive you with this Aſtrology that you value ſo.

Jane of *Naples*. Oh! Herein I do not believe you your own ſelf. How could you have fore-told me, that I ſhould be married four times?

times? Was there the leaſt appearance, that a perſon that was any whit rational, would engage in Matrimony four times one after the other? You muſt needs have read it in the Heavens.

Anſelme. I conſulted them far leſs than I did your inclinations: but, after all, ſome Propheſies that fall out right, prove nothing. Shall I carry you to a dead perſon, who will tell you a pretty pleaſant ſtory? He was an Aſtronomer, and gave no more credit to Aſtrology than I did. Nevertheleſs, to try whether there was any thing of certainty in his Art, he did apply his whole care, one day, to obſerve the Rules exactly; and did fore-tell ſome particular Events in one perſon, harder by much to gueſs at, than your four Marriages. All he fore-told did come to paſs: Never was he more

more ſurpriſed. He preſently looked over his Aſtrological Calculations, which had been the Ground of his Predictions, know you what he found? He had made a miſtake; and, if his Supputations had been right, he ſhould have fore-told the quite contrary of what he did foretell.

Jane of *Naples*. If I did believe this were true, I ſhould be much concerned it ſhould not be known in the World, that they might undeceive themſelves in Aſtronomers.

Anſelme. There are other-guiſe ſtories than this known, and more to their diſadvantage; and yet their Trade holds good. People will never be diſ-abuſed in any thing that concerns *Time to come*; it has too powerful a Charm. Men, for example, ſacrifice all they have to one Hope; and

and all they had, and what they have lately purchaſed, they ſtill ſacrifice it to another Hope: and this ſeems to be a malicious Order, eſtabliſhed in Nature, to bereave them ſtill of what they poſſeſs. Men do little care to be happy in the moment then preſent, they put off being ſo to *a Time to come*, as though that time ſhould be of another Make, than this that is already come.

Jane of *Naples*. No, it is not of another Make; but it is good to fancy it ſo.

Anſelme. And what is the Effect of this fine Opinion? I know a little Fable that will inform you. I did formerly learn it at the Court of Love, it was a kind of Academy, which was held in your Country of *Provence*. *A man was thirſty, and was ſat down by a Fountain. He would not drink of*

the

the Water that was running before him, becauſe he hoped, that in ſome ſhort time better would come. This time being paſt; *This is ſtill the ſame Water*, ſaid he, *this is not that which I will drink of; I had rather tarry a little longer yet.* At length; *as the Water was ſtill the ſame, he ſtayed ſo, that the Spring happened to dry up, and he drank not at all.*

Jane of *Naples*. As much as happened to me. And I believe that, of all the Dead that are here, there is not one who was not deprived of Life ſooner than he had made the uſe of it, he did intend. But what matters it? I reckon, the pleaſure of fore-ſeeing, hoping, of fearing too, and of having before one *a Time to come*, to be great things. A wiſe man, in your Opinion, would be like we Dead, to whom the Preſent, and the Time

Time to come are perfectly alike: and this wise man would, by consequence, find it as irksome as I do.

Anselme. Alas! Man's Condition is pretty, if it be such as you believe it is. He is born to aim at all, and so enjoy nothing; to be always going, and arrive at no place.

THE END.